

High Demand by UnderTheGrave

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Summary:

In a dystopian society where the vast majority of people are betas unable to reproduce, alphas and omegas are kept as second-class breeding stock.

Billy and Steve are the most anticipated pairing of the year... but they aren't quite getting along as planned.

1. Introduction

Author's Note:

The non-con elements are basically the forced copulation setting. There is some violence and intimidation used by their captors. Basically alpha and omegas will be treated rather poorly and have to overcome lots of adversity in this story, as if they're a step below human. Please be wary of reading if these themes might bother you.

I hope to update regularly and chapters should usually be longer than this first one. This is unbeta'd so please don't feel bad about pointing out a typo or grammatical error in your reviews.

~~Honestly this was just going to be a self-indulgent kink oneshot but I have no self control.~~

Hargrove/Harrington coupling - Log 1 - 20 August 1984

The new arrivals have settled in. As market demand is already at an all time high, they are scheduled for September 12th.

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It was unusual to pair two brand new breeders on their first go. It made much more sense, things went much more smoothly, when at least one of the picks was seasoned with experience. The process went by faster, with less hiccups and some comfort for the young new stock, still disoriented from all the poking and prodding.

However, the pairing of Billy and Steve was... unique. People already reserved first, second, and third pick pups which sold in the hundreds of thousands. They were the pinnacle- the star examples- of an alpha and omega. Their offspring would be like marbled Greek gods, with a high chance for one or two more strong alphas or omegas to carry on

their line.

Billy had just the right amount of aggression and muscle. His shoulders were wide and built and his health was perfect. When they lead him through the halls of the complex other alphas would stop and bristle like static filled the air; some omegas would croon while the ones further off in their cycles would press up against the walls of their rooms, digging their fingers into their bed sheets. He was imposing and intense in everything he did. Every employee on his floor dreaded the thought of his rut.

Steve was a different kind of challenge from the moment he was lead through the doors. He wouldn't just roll over and follow orders like boundless omega stereotypes suggested. He made it clear he didn't want to be there, didn't want to be some breeding bitch, and he always kept his nose upturned indignantly when his handlers threatened him with the electric prod like he'd faced so much worse on the outside, somehow. He was lean and toned. Not quite as wide-set as Billy, but a fine specimen in his own right. He was exotic: a male omega. Years of natural selection had made them less and less common. Their pregnancies were riskier and harder to carry to term, their hips simply not as wide and cesarean birth required almost every time.

In the days before modern medical technology, being a male omega was close to a death sentence. Steve was *rare*.

The risk only made their future offspring all the more sought-after.

It also wasn't typical to introduce a pairing before a heat started on its own time. Those in charge were at least decent enough to give omegas time to nest and prepare.

With such a high demand and such impatient buyers, yet another exception was being made at Billy and Steve's expense.

Hargrove/Harrington coupling - Log 2 - 12 September 1984

First introduction has been postponed. Hargrove got into a fight with

another alpha during free hours. Harrington did not take to the heat inducers. Suggesting higher dosage.

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Hargrove/Harrington coupling - Log 3 - 13 September 1984

New date is set for Saturday, September 16th. Higher dosage approved.

Billy Hargrove is now required to wear a muzzle for all future interactions.

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Billy knew from the moment a group of personnel peered into his cozy small room and slipped his muzzle through the slot in the door that he was going somewhere new that day. His lot was never informed of much, but the other alphas talked plenty through the grated doors and during free hours.

And Billy knew what he was in for the moment his father signed him off. Right before he turned 18, his freedom was signed away for a high price. The cruel fucker always let happiness dangle just out of reach, now didn't he?

He created quite a name for himself in those short days leading up to this point. They called it a fight, but in reality he simply decked the guy once and he was out on the floor like a rag doll. Days later he went on to bite a guard on the arm for no good reason other than they looked at him funny... It was rather hard to keep himself in check those first few days; he was in a place with so many mingled alpha and omega smells permeating the air.

The workers hated and feared him. Yet at the same time, they watched him with admiration and treated him like a prized pedigree dog. It made his stomach churn.

He fitted on the wire contraption. It jutted out like a cage around his mouth, the mesh open but still preventing him from pressing against anyone else's skin. The door opened and a handler tightened the

leather straps around his head and nape.

"Yeah yeah," he grouched as someone nudged him forward on his lower back a little too harshly. Was probably the guy he bit.

He swaggered down the long hall behind a man dressed in all white. His long trench coat flowed behind him and Billy wished it was longer so he could step on it.

"Well, Mr. Hargrove, here we are," the man finally spoke cordially, spinning around as they stopped at a set of metal sliding doors. His engraved name tag said 'Dr. Brenner.' He clasped his hands together and smiled tightly like this was all a professional business interaction. Billy laughed and licked his left canine showily. It pissed him off when the man looked on un-intimidated. "Since this is your first occasion, I'll run your through-"

"I've fucked omegas out the outside before, doc."

"Of course," Brenner said, still smiling professionally and God did Billy want to punch him. "However, we thought it best to warn you that your partner has been giving us a few... issues." The man paused to furrow his brows. "He hasn't been taking to the inducers. It's extraordinary, honestly, but we fear going any higher could be dangerous. So, you may not find success this time, but we are hoping the mingling of hormones may give him the boost he needs."

"He?" Billy echoed with intrigue. That is all he really took away from the schmuck's rambling.

"Yes, Mr. Hargrove. Is that alright with you?" The smile turned hard for a fleeting moment. Billy knew it didn't really matter if it was 'alright with him.'

2. Slide It In

Steve gave up on trying to convince the guards.

He got tired of being laughed at and pushed around.

That didn't change the fact he wasn't supposed to be there. This was a *mistake*. His parents... they never would have sold him off. His father was just talking about him taking over the family business. His mother was asking him what he wanted for his 18th birthday, what colleges he applied to. He was good about taking his suppressants. His parents were good about keeping the expensive pills stocked.

Sure, he accidentally missed a couple days and got in one big fight with his dad. There'd been a lot of culminated shit that needed to be said, and they'd both been angry. His dad was a real asshole.

But he would never sign him away. They'd all always been under the understanding that Steve would stay free once adulthood came.

This wasn't *right*.

He was, for all intents and purposes, a beta in the eyes of society. He had girlfriends, flings, and he certainly didn't crave getting *fucked*. He wasn't raised to be treated like some animal.

The nerve of those people. It shouldn't have been okay. Steve knew that much from the start.

His stance wasn't going to change from a few hormone shots either. No way. He had a lifetime of the best suppressants money could buy lingering in his system. Even if he didn't, he was never, ever, *ever* going to allow himself to turn into one of those desperate omegas in that textbook he skimmed through. He'd never experienced himself like that and he refused to believe it could happen. He felt nothing but a little twist in his gut when he walked through the halls, when he was lead past the grated doors of an alpha's room. He didn't *like* their smells, like omegas were apparently supposed to. They didn't make him... *horny*. If anything, they made him feel alert and combative, like he would be ready to fight one if not for the doors

between them. He just felt sick and tense when his pills stopped coming in steadily and being around all those smells seemed to make it worse.

This whole situation felt so unreal. He would wake up and be home in bed, or his parents would come find him and buy him back. And hell, he'd sue. He would burn the entire facility to the damn ground. He would just refuse to mate, and they would let him go. They couldn't *force* him to, after all? Perhaps that was why, along with shock, his panic hadn't fully set in. This would resolve itself before he ever had to follow through.

The room they'd left him in for the last few minutes... It was as if it was attempting to create an illusion of a home. Or at least, somewhere more inviting than it actually was. What it was meant for. Key word, trying. Nothing could fully distract from the walls that were the same vast shiny white as the floors, or the ticking clock hanging above the sealed metal exit. A stack of cabinets, the same synthetic white, sat conveniently near a double bed. It felt like a doctor's office.

The rest was accented by variations of red. The sectional sofa was wine red. The comforter on the bed matched. Every scrap of fabric was fucking red.

The color of passion... Was that what they intended? Something subliminal, to ignite the fires within him by planting all that red? All his body needed to flush years of suppressants from his system and make way for his heat was a little red interior design?

Steve laughed humorlessly and flopped his head back on the sofa. Romance was dead to these people.

If there was one positive piece of feedback he could offer for the interior... There was a radio with some cassettes. There was a stack of books and some grossly outdated magazines, which honestly should have made it feel more like a doctor's office, but it gave him something to do. It did pose one question however; were they planning on this taking a while?

The doors snapped open suddenly and made Steve startle. He heard shuffling into the room and slowly glanced over.

The same robotic man in white who lead him in minutes before was back. Steve focused more on whoever walked in behind him, feeling a lump rise in his throat and his stomach drop. Instantly, he knew that was the one.

He gave him that feeling of when he walked by an alpha's door and felt his heart rate spike and his whole body tense. Except it was more intense. Instead of numerous smells mingled together in an unpleasant stew, all Steve could scent was this alpha's in the enclosed room. It was actually sort of nice. Not because he liked it, or that it *did things to him*, but it was just refreshing to be all on its own. The alpha smelled like a campfire, and maybe something minty yet musky, like a menthol cigarette. The smell created an inexplicable sense of longing in Steve. Longing for the outside world, perhaps.

Just longing.

...What was that on his face?

When their eyes met the hair all up Steve's arms prickled.

"Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington," Brenner said, motioning between them. He then glanced to his watch. "You have one hour. Why don't you get to know each other? No rush, this time."

This time. Steve didn't like the practiced kindness of the man. It was so fake. He hated how he acted like he was doing them some kind of favor. Being considerate, but an underlying threat always hidden in his voice.

Steve glowered at Brenner until he left the room entirely, feeling the alpha's eyes burning into him.

"Well. Harrington."

Steve swallowed back a smart-assed comment about the muzzle the blonde was wearing. "Hargrove," he responded, stiff but polite.

Despite everything, it wasn't this alpha's fault that he was there. He didn't look to be having the time of his life either. He was fucking muzzled for Christ's sake.

No first name basis then, huh?

"...Why are you wearing that?" He couldn't help but ask; he was too curious.

"Bit somebody."

"You *bit* somebody."

"That's what I just said, isn't it?"

Steve furrowed his brows. A smartass that bit people. Great. He shrugged and looked back to the magazine he was reading.

He found himself swallowing as he heard footsteps coming towards him. He swore the air got heavy, even though that didn't even make a lick of sense.

And suddenly he was being *breathed on*.

"Wishing I could bite you?" the alpha hummed in a voice that dropped down so deep, so distinct, like a purring lion and why was Steve suddenly holding his breath?

"What?" He dared glance up from the magazine. Mistake. Billy was looming over him in front of the couch. Fuck was he overbearing. And now that the alpha was closer up, the smell of him wasn't as gentle anymore. It was a bit too much of that musk and less of the soothing warmth. It gave Steve some nagging sense of danger; the kind someone gets when someone's following behind them at night on a secluded path, or there's a snarling dog on the other side of a flimsy fence.

But what a nice pale blue his eyes were.

"Once my knot's plugging you up, you wish I wouldn't have this thing on, so I could move in, right there and-?"

Steve swatted the hand reaching towards his shoulder. It drew back and he felt his heart thump at the snarl that flashed over Billy's face.

"What's your problem, man?" Steve huffed hotly. His ears burned from the shamelessness of Billy's words.

The alpha snorted and straightened up. With a dry laugh, he walked off towards the cassettes and started rifling through them like nothing happened.

"Don't worry, Harrington. Wouldn't wanna claim you even if they let me."

"Wouldn't want you to either!"

What an asshole. Couldn't even be subtle. Steve didn't give a shit what their situation was, you don't just come onto a guy a minute into meeting them.

They wanted him to sleep with this guy.

They wanted this guy to *knock him up*.

Steve glared harder into his Nat Geo magazine and reread the same passage on Apollo 11 at least five times. The article was a decade old. Everything about this place was archaic, like it was stuck in a darker time in the past.

He couldn't stop thinking about what he was supposed to do with the person in the room with him. What Billy was supposed to do with him. The guy who was currently skipping through terribly loud rock songs on the stereo- at least some of those tapes were recent- unable to just pick one and *fucking stay on it*, was supposed to-

He swallowed and shook his head furiously. He glanced up at the clock. 20 minutes had gone by.

"You sure you're an omega? Don't smell that strong."

What was he supposed to smell like?

"I'm coming off suppressants."

"Ohhh, I get it. That's why you need warming up, huh?"

Billy was sidling up next to him, an arm starting to move around the back of the couch, over Steve's shoulders-- Steve put a hand on Billy's chest- *nice chest, strong arm*- and nudged him back, scooting himself down the couch a little more. He noticed that Billy left the stereo on *Slide It In* by Whitesnake and he thought about slapping him. Maybe it wasn't intentional. Maybe he just liked the song. It was a little hard to give him the benefit of the doubt when he just tried to put an arm around him.

"This couch? My side of the room."

"Oh yeah? Is that right?" Billy laughed.

"Yeah. Bed to the stereo can be yours. Go wild."

"I don't think so."

Billy shifted to scary again in a heartbeat, and Steve wondered how he could do it so easily. Interacting with him was like riding a roller coaster blindfolded, never knowing when the next sharp turn or drop or upside down spiral is coming next.

"No one tells me what to do," the alpha growled. His voice was low again but it wasn't coming out like a purr anymore. There was no warmth- only bite. "Long as I'm in here, everything in here is mine. That's how this works. The bed, the couch, and most importantly, *you*, omega."

Steve laughed indignantly and slapped down the magazine onto the table. He turned his body to face Billy and jam a finger up near the asshole's nose, pointing hard. "Alright, *no*. How 'bout you tone it down? Because guess what, dickhead? I'm not scared of you."

Billy's anger melted away back into a smirk. He looked impressed for a fleeting moment, and it sounded off in the short chuckle he gave too.

Steve never knew he could come to loathe somebody so quickly.

"Just pulling your leg, Harrington."

Steve reached for his magazine and thumbed through to find his place again. He had learned nothing new about Apollo 11 this entire time.

"I sort of came in here under the impression I'd get to fuck somebody, so excuse my disappointment over how boring you are."

"Yeah well, blue balls aren't an excuse to be a dick, so. Unexcused."

Billy's teeth sure were white, and Steve swore his canines were sharper than normal. *Sharp teeth, clamp on good.* Did all alphas have sharp canines like that? He was starting to wish he read more of that textbook.

Steve stood up with a sigh and stormed over to the radio. He turned it off and then spread out on the bed for the rest of their hour, flipping through pages. At some point, Billy turned the radio back on and turned it up even louder. Thankfully he didn't interact with Steve again. They stayed at a good distance where the sharper notes of his scent weren't too offending.

Steve caught his eyes straying off the paper a few times, landing on the alpha and sticking there as his mind went numb. Then he would shake it off, feel his intense disdain for the other come back in a wave, and look away furiously.

When the handlers returned, they escorted Billy out first. The alpha gave Steve a wink and Steve rolled his eyes off of him in response.

Unimpressed. If he could sum up his entire first meeting with Billy Hargrove in one word, that was it.

Brenner only returned with them for Steve. Before escorting him the whole way to his room, he was taken aside into an exam room.

Brenner removed the little sensor clipped to Steve's finger and studied the digital numbers on its display. He rolled back in his chair and wrote something down.

"How are you feeling, Mr. Harrington?"

"Exactly the same. Look, with that guy? It's not happening."

At that, Brenner laughed and stood. Steve felt a little more antsy, a little more panicked, than before.

Hargrove/Harrington coupling - Log 4 - 16 September 1984

The interaction appears to have gone well. Exceptionally well. Harrington's hormones have spiked dramatically. Truly a perfect pair.

Anticipating success by next meeting.

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3. On Top

Steve woke up completely and utterly parched. His legs felt like a pair of twigs when he first stepped out of bed. He wobbled like a baby deer to the small sink in his room and cupped some water into his hands to drink. The smells throughout the hall were so much worse than before; they now crept into his room too close for comfort. None of them were Billy's, but would he have been able to single that one out anyway? Most likely, he thought. It was a much more calming and inviting scent than any of those from the hall.

Which made little sense, because Billy with his wild eyes and sneering sharp teeth wasn't a typical image that came up when Steve thought of 'calming.'

Did it even *fucking matter*? Billy just wasn't on the same floor, so what. Steve smacked off the faucet and walked tentatively back to his cot.

He tangled his legs into his sheets and shoved his face into his pillow. He couldn't sleep. He blamed it on the fluorescent lights in the hallway, filtering through the grates into his dark room.

He tossed and turned restlessly and gave up after what must've been two hours. Seeing that there was nothing else to do and he had the greatest amount of privacy possible, he gave into his boredom slipped his hand down into his pants.

His cock twitched up into his palm readily, sensitive and so quick to reach full mast. A few good purposeful strokes and he was cumming hard and fast, his legs even quaking slightly and his toes curling. It was all a slight surprise, but it was the first time he had done this since arriving there after all.

In the middle of his foggy bliss, dribbles of his omega cum, less white and more clear from sterility, painting his sheets, he felt something... *trickle out of him* on the the last pump. It spread between the seam of his butt and between his thighs, making them feel slick and sticky. His eyes blew open wide and he choked, startled and embarrassed, on his last hushed moan.

Billy ate his meals in the solitude of his cell. As an alpha labelled aggressive and secured into a muzzle whenever he was to leave, he didn't have much of a choice. Unless he wanted to feed bits through the jutting wire mesh.

The staff called them rooms, but who were they kidding? This place was run just like a prison: only allowed out when told, only allowed to shower when told, told when to eat and what plain clothes to wear.

At least he ate better than he did at home. He didn't even have to cook for himself anymore.

In PM hours, omegas were permitted to mingle in designated areas on their floor and a square field at the center of the building. Alpha free hours were during mornings. The two were never mixed together but could speak through each other's grated doors. The only drawback was the almost-constant lack of privacy within the rooms. One could peer right in like it was a zoo exhibit.

Maybe it was. Maybe it was more of a zoo than a prison.

Before this place, Billy used to hate mornings. He missed the days of locking himself in his room at home with a case of beer, the days burning off steam on weights, then evenings of binge drinking and sleeping off his hangover until noon. Or until his father banged loudly on his door for him to "stop being a lazy shit and do something productive." Rinse and repeat.

Now, his mornings were busy. He purposefully made them busy.

While Steve's main concern was what they were expected to do, the very reason they were there, Billy's was to maintain a certain level of dominance over the other alphas. It only took a few confrontations, some shoves and sharp remarks, and one hard knock in the jaw to one particularly mouthy fucker. It took pacing the halls and

befriending the right set of assholes who would fall into line behind him like a little obedient pack.

It was an everyday effort to remind them he was top alpha. There were two large men, for example, who had clearly been in the facility much longer who never quite backed down. They would maintain eye contact just a little too long, get right up in Billy's face, and handlers would be crowding in before the first punch could be thrown.

It was nothing personal. To feel as secure as possible in such a place, he *had* to be top alpha. It gave him some semblance of control. More than he ever had at home. He figured he could come to like this place... It was where his lot was meant to be. This place was always where he was going to wind up. As long as he learned to survive, he could run this place.

Of course, the most important part to being the top alpha, to garnering respect from the rest and maintaining that sense of power and security, was gaining favor with the most omegas. He would stop by the doors of a few that smelled just how he liked them, making conversation in a warm rumbling voice. He could tell what would work on them from scent alone.

Sometimes they'd smell sweet and ready. They'd like it flirty: "Hope I get put with you sometime." A wink, a lick of his lips. Putting a hand up on the barrier between them and dragging it down with his eyes holding on so hard, like he truly longed for them.

He encountered some new ones like him a couple times as well. They would carry that stress scent that soured their whole aura and made any alpha tense on instinct. They would be curled up on their bed and frown when Billy leaned on their door. It was no matter. He'd talk like a practiced gentleman to them, act like he was there for them. He would offer them words of comfort. It got them to favor him above the rest, and also that sour smell to go away. They both got something out of it.

"Tiff-" he started to greet one day, only to find an empty cell with freshly stripped sheets. He stopped by Tiffany's around 8 each morning. She smelled best, one of those scents that just inexplicably

clicks with compatibility. She would always smile at him and lick her lips. They talked about what they used to do on the outside. She liked to cheer in high school, but her family was dirt poor and couldn't put her through college. Could barely feed themselves, she told him. So instead, she came to this place willingly, knowing at least some of the money generated from her would go back to her parents.

She was a feisty one, just how he liked them. Tall and brunette. Kind of a ditz, but she had a good heart.

The day before she was gone, she crooned for him and stood right up on the other side of the grates. Her scent was strong. She tried to open her locked door and cried so defeated, "I want *you*," and he chuckled and walked away. Always had to leave them wanting more.

"They always clear the room. Get the smell out so it doesn't go all the way down the hall. Cause a riot, put someone in a rut."

Billy snapped his eyes to his side, where another alpha stood with a smirk on his face.

"Your *girlfriend* went into heat last night, big guy. She's probably paired up with somebody right now."

Billy set his jaw.

"Aw what, you mean they didn't pick *you*? Best alpha around? Maybe you aren't such hot shit after-"

Billy lost his free-roam privileges for a week thanks to a well-landed right-hook.

That night, Brenner was back at his door. Billy was reading a book of poetry he brought with him from home. He had already read through it twice, but he was out of things to read and doubted he could get Susan or his father to mail him something new. Perhaps Max would, if Neil wouldn't throw a letter from him straight into the trash.

For a moment, he expected Brenner to bring up his violent action that day. He was simply taken back to that room adorned in red.

The doctor didn't talk or provide any introductions. He didn't give them a time they would be released. He simply let those metal doors slide open and motioned Billy inside with a nod and a tight empty smile.

The smell hit him before he even stepped in.

He sucked in deep behind his muzzle and felt his whole body go tense. Before he knew it, he was being jabbed the rest of the way into the room and the metal doors were sealed.

It was a heat scent. It had to be, from the way it made Billy's body react so instantaneously. It was so strong, stronger than Tiffany's pre-heat the day before. He was ready to roll in an instant. Steve was on the couch.

He was sleeping. His legs were drawn up to his chest. Billy could see his heavy breathing from where he stood a good few feet away. The omega's scent beckoned him, but Billy could only stand in shock at the difference from the time before. Steve smelled so weak then. He looked good, but he did nothing to Billy. The blonde was perplexed by how fast that changed.

He strode towards Steve, his pupils shrunken and his tongue licking his lips behind his muzzle. He leaned over the back of the couch, looking above Steve who seemed troubled in his sleep. His brows were knitted and his mouth was open. He drooled a little onto the couch cushion- *Cute*- and mumbled little unintelligible words.

Billy leaned in a little closer over the back of the couch and opened his mouth. He breathed Steve in deep and tightened his jaw. He tilted his head back and groaned. Fuck he was so good; he was the best thing Billy'd ever gotten a taste of.

Steve's body stiffened visibly. His back arched and his jaw went slack.

He let out a distinct cry in response, even in his sleep his body responded instinctively to the alpha's sound.

Billy was over the couch in an instant. All at once he was on top of Steve, grabbing at him with his calloused hands and rolling him onto

his stomach.

Billy ground down against his ass, hooked his fingers into his plain shorts to pull them down, and-

"Wha-" Steve slurred. He jerked out of his disorientation with a sharp gasp, wide awake. "Hey- Get- Get *off*."

But as Steve said this, Billy already had his pants pulled down to his thighs and was taking a good look his perky ass that was glistening wet at the seam. The smell of slick wafted towards him all at once.

"Get *off* me!"

Steve struggling with everything in him, clear panic starting to set palpably in the air, finally brought Billy back to his wits. He blinked, growled, and shoved himself off Steve angrily. He stormed off to a far corner of the room to try to get himself together, away from Steve's smell as much as possible. He couldn't. It pervaded every nook and cranny. It made Billy's lungs buzz with every rough breath. He could practically *taste* his slick. He slammed his fist up on the wall and leaned his weight against it.

He wouldn't look back, but he could feel Steve glaring hard at him and drawing back into himself on the couch. He didn't care. He was too wound up and frustrated at that point, so goddamn ready to fuck or fight. He was trapped in a room with an omega that smelled like straight up sex and heat and they were still saying no to him somehow, and he wasn't fucking equipped to deal with it.

"You just fucking jumped me."

God, did the guy ever know when to keep his mouth shut?

"Jumped me in my sleep."

Billy pushed off the wall and wheeled towards Steve. To his surprise, the omega wasn't curled in on himself, but standing with his fists clenched at his sides. It threw Billy off for so many reasons.

He had never encountered a male omega before. Most hadn't. He was used to exerting his dominance towards men through intimidation

and aggression. He was used to treating the traditional model of an omega, so sweet-smelling and placid, with powerful warmth. With Steve, his entire being was stuck between the two. His scent was so *strong*, it made Billy feel himself losing that control he clung onto so tightly and worked every day to maintain.

He hated it. It scared him and thus enraged him.

"You're in heat."

"What- No. No, I'm not."

"Are you fucking stupid or just numb from the waist down?" Billy's voice started to grow louder.

"No, I'm... I'm not," Steve repeated, his voice weaker this time with uncertainty. Billy didn't miss the way Steve shifted his feet so his thighs would rub together. He forced back his confidence all at once, shouting, "I can't be in heat yet! Right?"

"You're the fucking omega. How should I know?"

"Well you figured you'd test it out, huh?! If I was too far gone to say no?! That would be just great for you, wouldn't it?"

"I thought you were ready." *You cried for me in your sleep.*

"Ready? *Ready?* Ready to what? Just take it? I'm never going to *be ready!*... Come on, Billy. You seem like a smart guy. You know this isn't right. We don't-"

"Ready to stop being such a *little bitch*," Billy snarled, having snapped. He turned away and paced along the wall.

None of it made sense. Just yesterday, he witnessed Tiffany in pre-heat and she still didn't smell as strong as Steve. In fact it could hardly compare.

"Oh fuck you, Hargrove."

"No," Billy growled, halting and storming towards Steve. The omega didn't flinch. An omega in heat (or not, apparently), not even

shrinking back or bearing their neck and *Fuck* that made Billy so angry as it almost made him back off. No, he refused to be intimidated by an omega. He got right up in Steve's face, the wire of his muzzle digging into the brunette's nose. "I'm supposed to be doing the fucking, and you're going to have to stop putting it off. Because this is how it is now, you spoiled fucking prick. Nothing's going to stop it."

He felt two fingers on his chest, which pushed him away like he was nothing. Steve stared at him like he was nothing. Like he, and all he'd worked himself up to be in their prison, was nothing, and he was just a scared boy. Like he wasn't good enough.

"No. It isn't. You might be fine with being a fucking animal, doing exactly what these people want, but I'm not."

Billy threw a punch. Steve dodged- and landed a punch of his own. That had Billy completely blinded by fury.

He kept coming at the omega, throwing punch after punch. Steve was a fast motherfucker and ducked out of each one, landing quick strikes and clipping his knuckles on Billy's muzzle. He couldn't punch hard for shit, so Billy was barely slowed and eventually Steve was falling back onto the couch and Billy was straddling him.

"You were moving your feet."

It was when his first punch landed that Billy decided, Steve was *not* an omega.

It was some kind of trick. A ruse. That made no sense, but it justified him doing something he never thought he would do to an omega. He remembered when his father had him on the floor like this once, wailing on his face. He had felt so powerless then. He hoped Steve could feel the same way he did.

No matter how incredible Steve smelled, how perfect he looked, or the sounds he made, all he made Billy feel was fear and rage. He felt nothing like a top alpha in that moment.

4. Chapter 4

Things went black for what must've been a few seconds but it felt like a single blink in time for Steve. One moment the alpha was on him and he felt an insurmountable rush of fear and adrenaline surge through his body. As he watched those blue eyes go feral, his body just froze up and went slack under Billy. He felt his fight leave him. No- it was *stolen* from him. He just felt like jelly, body unwilling to draw into itself in defense. He screamed at himself to move. To shield his face or fight back. He faded out on a whimper, catching a glimpse of Billy's fist freezing in mid-air and blue eyes blinking away rage and staring wide at him.

When he came back to his senses Billy was being ripped off of him by not one, not two, but three handlers- one of which holding a syringe and cramming it into the alpha's neck. Billy got in a few more disoriented snarls and blind punches before his fight left him all at once. The handlers callously allowing him to fall to the floor was the last thing Steve remembered before he blacked out again.

When he snapped awake, Steve felt like death. His face felt like tenderized hamburger meat, but strangely that was the least awful thing he was going through. His throat felt so dry. He was hard, but not in a pleasant, "Good morning, give me some attention" sort of way; more like it was about to fall off, pulsing and throbbing so hard he stirred with a pained groan and writhed on- Where was he? A cot, but not the one in his own room. Like in a doctor's office, this one was covered in removable paper that crinkled with each movement. He was in an enclosed examination room.

"How long was I out?" he croaked as his blurry vision made out a figure looming over him. It was cloaked in white, so he had a good inkling on who it was.

"Only a few minutes."

He was correct. It was Brenner's voice. It sounded short, un-tinged with that fake pleasantness so characteristic of the man.

"Where is Billy?" Steve found himself asking. He wondered if they were punishing him for what he did, or if he was still on the cold floor of the red room. He tried to stand up, but his legs crumpled and Brenner nudged him back onto the cot. There was another person in the room as well. A woman, smearing a glob of some sort of cream onto her hands and then reaching towards Steve. He flinched away from the contact, but felt Brenner clamp a hand on his shoulder to hold him still. His body just went pliant under it, despite how he wanted to thrash. He choked on a confused cry.

His face stung from whatever the lady was spreading on it.

"Billy's restrained in another room. When he comes to however, he may very likely be in a rut, after that violent display and tasting your heat."

Steve swallowed.

"So here are your options, Steve," Brenner starts, pulling up a swiveling stool. "You're in heat. Your first heat after a lifetime of suppressants. It is about to be intense. Worse than it is now. You run a very high risk of heat sickness."

Steve didn't know how to feel. He always pictured a heat being something... good. Wasn't it supposed to be amazingly good? So intense it was like a high, limiting one's ability to even think and speak clearly? Everything just... hurt. He felt like he was crawling in his own skin.

"The longer you try to fight your urges, the more you run a risk to your safety. Your body will continue to react to the alpha and producing slick, and you will dehydrate rapidly. And that is if he doesn't wake up in rut."

"And if he does?"

"Well, technically, that may be better for both of you. Billy will take what he desires and what your body needs. If you still manage to resist... Well, we've both seen how violent he can be. Billy has exceptional aggression, untypical for even a normal alpha. We have never had a subject *attack* an omega."

Steve waited expectantly, figuring nothing he would've said would matter.

"So, you may go back into the room and make yourself comfortable before we release Billy. Or, if you continue to be difficult, we can simply restrain the both of you for your cooperation and safety."

Steve felt his blood run cold. "*Restrain?*"

Brenner threaded his fingers together and rested his chin on them.

"We have stands that will strap you into place in a bent position and means of binding his hands-"

"No! No, that's fucking crazy. You can't do that."

"I don't want to have to do that, Steve. We don't particularly enjoy using such a forceful method. Some of you come to enjoy their time here, you know."

"Yeah, uh huh, sure. Are they usually paired with a psychopath?"

"Clearly Billy is unstable. Also, you have a strong influence over the alpha that transcends his sex characteristics enough for him to lash out."

"Would you stop fucking talking like that? God."

"Like what?" The doctor tilted his head.

"Like you're just so smart and know everything about me! Or I'm-Billy's just some kind of animal running off hormones that can't do a thing for himself! I bet he can. Go ahead, throw me in there! I'd rather him beat me out of my misery!"

Brenner laughed. The sound had even the woman, packing away the antiseptic supplies, pausing and staring at him in stunned silence.

"You can think whatever you want. You can hate every second of the next years you spend here, try to tell yourself you're better than the others. In some ways, you *are*; you're priceless." The man leaned forward. His eyes had gone dark. "And I will strap you down every

time if I have to in order for that to not go to waste."

"Clearly, you want him. You can try to deny it, but your body knows. It wants him so badly it's killing you... So what's it going to be? The stand, or the room?"

The doors opened. The heavy swaggering footsteps of Billy echoed resoundingly, as did heavy rugged breaths.

Steve grimaced and bit the pillow. Each time he dragged in a deep breath it felt like his lungs were burning. His body trembled as he heard and felt Billy close in on him. Yes, *felt*. He could feel his thick musk permeate the air stronger and stronger as he approached. He could *feel* the vibration of Billy's rumbling growl. Then Steve was being covered by his wide body that felt just right. He whimpered but his body refused to struggle. It submitted automatically and pumped a fresh smear of slick between his nervously squirming thighs.

Brenner was right. Every fiber of his being wanted this alpha and he loathed it. He loathed how everyone seemed to have him figured out but himself. Was it just any alpha that would reduce him to this state? Make him feel so worthless? This was life now, to be used, then onto the next one? But all his mind could echo was *Billy, Billy, Billy*.

I don't want it like this.

Notes for the Chapter:

Gah, sorry for the wait on this one, especially since it's a bit short! Unfortunately, I have to put my academic writing first and this semester is quite rough. But I do know where this fic is going! (and I think you're about to enjoy where it's heading ;))

Hopefully my busyness hasn't affected the quality at all? ;;;

5. Turned Bitch

Notes for the Chapter:

Added a couple new tags. ;) Enjoy.

Steve's body radiated heat like a furnace from underneath him. Like the stove top Billy's father once forced his left hand over, contributing to the extra thick callouses of his ring, index, and middle fingers. Except there was no searing burn. Just that sense of electricity powering through the omega.

On his final strike, which clipped just a little too well over the pressure point of his temple, Steve let out a sound that froze Billy's world. It hurled the promise that most alphas, any *good* alpha, had with themselves back into his brain: that they would never harm an omega. He saw an image of his mother, her soft blonde hair and blue eyes so much brighter than his own dull grays. She'd been an omega: a free omega who Billy owed being raised right to early on, and instilled the expectation in him of what they were meant to be. They were supposed to smile and run their fingers through his hair and murmur gentle reassuring things in his ear. Of course, for his mother, it was in a nurturing adoring way. For the omegas Billy had encountered later in life, the fingers did more *tugging* and their mouths moaned.

An omega was supposed to cower but protect their young when Neil-when their significant other- rose their voice to them. With that in mind, Billy never would've raised his fist to one. He raised his fists to plenty of people. He was constantly watching for a challenge, a fight. But an omega? When had he gone so bad?

But Steve didn't evoke that perfect soft image. He radiated something strong and foreign that made Billy's figurative hackles raise. He was something entirely different. Hell, he wasn't even feminine.

The doors snapped open. People flooded into the room in protective masks, holding those same kinds of prods used on *cattle* and shouting at him. He was unable to make out their orders because Steve's whimper was still ringing in his ears. When Billy could hear the

electric buzz on the end of one prod getting close, his first reaction was to cover the incapacitated omega with his body and refuse to budge. He could feel two charged prongs jab into his side, making the muscles there spasm. One of the handlers yanked on his hair. Neither of those were enough to get him off. He gripped Steve's arms tightly and snarled all around him, warning the betas to get away. It wasn't their place to be there, crowding Steve. He took a few more jolts before he was ripped away, which unfortunately had him thrash a little more and probably clip the poor guy a couple more times.

They were in a similar situation now. Steve was under him and Billy was guarding his body. He had been forced asleep trying to protect it, so he woke up with the same sole intention. Whatever Brenner had told him- something about water in the bedside cabinets, as well as the same threat of the mating stand- was an afterthought. He had to return to Steve. Steve was laying somewhere, unguarded. That's all he cared about, all he registered.

What *was* different however was that the omega wasn't unconscious on his back, but squirming and biting a pillow, full of life, and it was just the two of them once again.

Billy waited for Steve to snap at him. He held his breath for the the impending cry for him to 'get off.' It didn't come.

"Harrington?" he tested lowly, quickly picking up on Steve's heat as it draped over them like a heavy curtain.

Steve turned his head against the pillow as much as possible and blinked up at him with-- Woah, *huge*- twinkling brown eyes. "Billy?" he asked out softly. He wriggled around onto his back and reached up to Billy's face, hands framing either side of the wire muzzle. "Billy, are you not?-"

"Not what?"

Billy snorted at the soft touch and shook it off, confused and apprehensive of what it did to his heart rate. Steve's face looked... bad. He was freshly bruised on his brow and one of his cheeks looked

swollen. He had a split in his lip.

"Not- *Jesus*," Steve breathed shakily, pushing a hand through his hair and clenching his eyes shut. Relief, but just a slight sliver of it.

Billy's eyes swept down his body. He was *trembling*.

"I knew you weren't just-" Steve rambled. His words were slurred, almost like he was drunk. A very emotional and ditsy drunk. Were those tears in the corners of his eyes? "-not just some animal. You're just fine! Well no, you're a *huge asshole*, but-"

A dumb animal, son. That's what you are. Just like your mother. That's why I have to keep you in line like this.

As Steve went on nonsensically, Billy rolled off of him onto his side. They made eye contact, laying there facing each other, and Steve shut up. It felt weirdly intimate all of a sudden. His mouth hung open softly.

"You look dumb-" "You look pretty-"

They squinted at each other simultaneously.

"You called me dumb!" Steve spat out.

"You were gaping like a dumb fish. You called me *pretty*. What the fuck?"

"At least I said something nice! You're such an asshole!"

Steve tore away and rolled around back and forth, groaning to the ceiling. Again, like a wine-drunk chick. "Why. Can't. You just. Be. Nice."

He wound up on his stomach, each word enunciated by him humping the mattress and stuffing his face into the pillow.

"Be nice to me," he whimpered. "*Nice*," hump, "*nice, please*-"

Billy watched him, trying to laugh but the air was so thick and heavy with Steve's slick that the air just pooled into his lungs like fire. His

cock twitched, hard. Fuck's sake, he could probably pierce diamonds with it.

If Steve was anything other than irritating and confusing, he was cute.

"Jesus," Billy snickered under his breath. Steve pushed himself up on his arms to glare at him. He looked like he was arching like a cat. Feeling the urge to tend to his rigid posture, Billy reached out and softly pulled the omega back down, returning him to his side facing him. Steve just went with it. His body was so pliant. He was way more obedient than he let on.

"So mean. Why'd they put me with someone so mean? You hit me. You beat me up," he gasped at him, eyes still wide like sparkly saucers.

Billy's amusement soured. The urge to cover and protect returned.

But what was he protecting him from? Himself?

"I'm sorry," he ground out. He looked away from Steve's face. The omega didn't need to remind him when the evidence was right there.

Steve's big eyes tried to glare.

"You think it's that *easy*? Just say your sorry for kicking my ass, and I'll get over it? We'll be all fine and- and..." Steve trailed off as Billy put a hand on his arm and clutched him firmly. He clamped his mouth shut and choked on a foreign sound.

"Sorry."

Steve's chest rose and fell rapidly. He squirmed out of Billy's touch and rolled away, curling into a ball.

"Just do it."

Billy stared intently at a little brunette curl at the nape of Steve's neck, imagining sucking right beneath it, if his mouth was free.

"What?" he asked, zoning back into reality.

"Breed me." Steve turned his face into the mattress. His fingers dug into the red comforter. "It hurts. I just want it to stop." He pressed his face into one of his hands, eyes screwed shut. "I don't want the stand..."

Billy's pupils shrank into tiny dots. He rose up on his arm and scooted closer. He simply reacted to the demand and declaration of pain. An omega in heat was asking for him and it was that simple. He breathed Steve's heat deep into his lungs.

That whole thing with Tiffany about something just *clicking*? The compatibility being perfect? A smell being *just* right? This took it to a whole new level.

"Okay." He pressed his front against Steve's back. He put a hand on his knee, coaxing him out of his balled posture. The omega was quiet, but his body was so tense Billy feared he might break like a porcelain doll.

Billy tried to press his face in against Steve's neck and scent him by rubbing his cheek and the corners of his mouth on him, but the muzzle prevented him from doing so. He huffed. Fuck. He liked using his mouth. He was good with his mouth, his tongue... Steve seemed upset over the cold wire pressing against his skin as well, if his muffled cry was anything to go by.

The alpha stuffed his hand under Steve's waistband and froze. He was fucking soaked. He'd never felt an omega that wet. Was that normal? He'd never been with one in heat. There were laws for that, blockers to be taken. The whole back of Steve's pants were damp. Billy's fingers were coated entirely just from a quick feel, not even between his cheeks; through his *underwear*. "Take these off."

Steve groaned but reached for his clothing without hesitation. He kicked them all the way down his legs. Billy growled and began to do the same, tearing down his pants just enough over his thighs to free his heavy alpha cock. He reached out and grabbed a handful of Steve's ass. He spread him open.

Oh sweet Jesus.

It was such a pretty sight: his angry red, tight little hole, wet and winking at him. So much prettier than any omega that came before or Billy could have dreamed up.

"Wait-" Steve yelped, pushing his hips forward to escape Billy's grip. He nearly fell off the bed while trying to get away. Billy's arm snapped out and dragged him back in, a deep rumble bubbling up from the alpha's chest that made Steve flinch. "Wait... Fuck, don't look... Under the blanket. Let's go under-"

Billy frowned. He rolled Steve onto his stomach and loomed over him. "No." He touched his ass with both hands this time. Steve heard the simple resolved word and stopped struggling. "You look good."

"Billy-" Steve whined as his cheeks were spread apart again, bearing his leaking hole. How could he still be leaking so fucking much? What was the *point*, with so much of the lubricant smeared everywhere for use already? It was excessive and obscene. "They've got to be *watching*, though..."

The alpha curled his lip up in a silent snarl. Steve was right; they had known to come in and break them apart last time. They at least had some sort of wire in the room to hear. Worst case, there was a one-way mirror or window hidden somewhere, or they were being recorded right on camera.

He needed to be the only one seeing Steve like this.

"Alright, move."

Steve quickly tore the blanket down and shimmied under it, Billy close behind him with impatience.

He pressed his hips down a little so his cock bobbed down against Steve's crack.

The omega jerked violently, caught off guard by the weighty hot object scoring over his hole. He hadn't even noticed Billy *pushing his pants down*.

"Is that your..." Steve gasped. Billy answered only by guiding it with a hand, sliding it between his cheeks. "F-Fuck, I- It feels really big. I really- Is it really gonna swell *more* in me? I don't think I-"

Steve sure did talk a lot.

Billy pressed his tip against his entrance-

"Don't!" he yelped out, fight returning. He pulled himself up the mattress with his hands twisted in the sheet- also a faded shade of red. Billy breathed and put a hand down beside Steve's head.

"Relax."

Steve groaned out exasperatedly, because *Yeah fucking right he'd relax.*

Something was pressing at him again. He couldn't escape any higher, the headboard preventing him. He clapped a hand over his mouth.

A thick finger sunk inside him. His eyes fluttered and rolled back.

"O-Ohhh..." he sobbed out. He raised his hips and ground himself back on the digit.

A second finger wriggled in next to the first. Steve's channel accommodated it readily but still gripped nice and snug.

Filthy wet sounds filled the heavy air as Billy fingered him. Slick gushed around his calloused fingers.

"Yeah, yeah," Steve keened, squirming and rocking back onto them desperately. "Yes!" he shouted when they pressed forward and beckoned against something inside him. He threw back his head. "Billy! *Alpha!*" They scissored and stretched him open. At one point as they spread apart Billy slipped in a third.

Steve's eyes snapped open when he felt the much thicker head of Billy's cock slide back over his crack and press next to his hand- He opened his mouth wide, first to cry out in fear because there was *no* way he could take Billy's fingers *and* cock, then just over the

emptiness as the fingers left. The feeling didn't last.

Billy pushed his hips into him, breaching his entrance.

A distressed and strangled sound filled the room. As Billy sunk in, it quickly morphed into a reverberating moan that Steve tried to muffle into the pillows. Billy grabbed his hair and yanked his face back out into the open, forcing out a delicious whine.

"You're a good omega," *after all*. "A *really* good omega." Like *Wow*.

Steve sobbed and moaned from underneath Billy, the sounds mingling with slapping flesh that had been steadily filling the room.

"So fucking good I want to put *all my kids in you*."

Steve moaned warmly in agreement. Billy could finally sense a smile and grinned as well.

"Like the sound of that?"

"Yes...!" Steve gasped. He shouldn't have, but he really did. He wanted to be good enough for Billy to come back to. "Can... Can we face each other next round, alpha?"

"Mm, yeah..."

His thrusts became bruising and unrelenting. His hips had to jerk hard in order for his swelling base to push in and out past the catching rim. Steve's disoriented moans became a little pained. He started to writhe and tried pulling himself up the headboard. Billy pushed a hand down onto his lower back, forcing him in place as he drove his cock in. Eventually it grew too large for the steady thrusting to continue. Billy bit his cheek and shoved his knot in, feeling the pop of them locking together. Steve screamed. One of his legs jerked up involuntarily and his heel bumped Billy's ass. "O-owww, oh...! Please, it's splitting me...! Out!" But it couldn't come out.

Billy clenched his teeth and flared his nostrils. "Shit," he hissed as Steve's walls fluttered around him, rippling and milking him for his cum. His body responded and he emptied inside. "Steve," he moaned, trying to nibble and lick and rub his smell between Steve's shoulder blades and over his scent gland to comfort him.

God he wanted to rip the damn muzzle off.

He ground into him as much as his knot would allow, balls twitching and emptying and slapping against his taint, forcing his hot cum up against the omega's greedy womb.

Steve blubbered. He wiped fat hot tears and snot into the fabric.

6. Thunder and Lightning

Notes for the Chapter:

Long time no see ;) I was super hyped to post this one, perhaps a little hasty, so please excuse any mistakes. I'm running back through to check for any~

They laid there like a single sweaty mass, just breathing.

After a few seconds that dragged on like minutes, Steve started to squirm.

"Heavy," he murmured in a rough voice.

Billy grumbled tiredly and rolled off onto his side, guiding Steve with him by his hip so the stuck knot wouldn't tug. Steve winced anyway at the slight shifting, still sore around the rim. They now spooned.

He flinched in surprise when a hand reached around and brushed over his angry red cock.

"Did you not cum?"

"I... did," Steve answered tediously. And he was being honest. He *came twice* into the sheets, his dick pressed against his abdomen untouched, from some very primal sex. It was something he didn't think his body was capable of, yet he was still hard... The throbbing pain was gone at least. He prayed it would stay that way, that eventually he would go flaccid... Surely it would, now that they'd...

He buried his face in his hands.

"Fuck," he hissed through his teeth. His neck burned with shame as he felt every inch of Billy inside him down below. He let himself become a breeding bitch.

Billy's hand closed around him and started to jerk him off. Steve gasped and curled his toes, trying his hardest not to squirm and tense up.

He forgot what he was just worrying about.

"Billy... Fuck, that feels so good..."

His cock was so achingly sensitive while Billy was inside of him. He leaked into the alpha's hand.

He tried rutting into the touch as he got close but was reminded of the tug of the knot. He almost stilled his insistent hips, then it happened... Billy's knot deflated enough to pop out as Steve moved, and a generous rush of hot liquid flowed out of him. So much of it... Why did alphas have *so much*?

He jerked into Billy's hand and came hard.

As he laid there, afterglow fading, feeling cum taper to just a dribble out of him... shame overtook him again. It was over. They did it. Now, Billy would be taken away. Maybe Steve would never see him again. Maybe he would, but it would be at least another nine months. Billy would probably get to go on to an array of more omegas in that time. Every single one would pleasure him better than Steve ever could. Much to his dread, tears started to flow. As if things couldn't get any more emasculating.

"Hey, what- Are you *crying*?" Billy bit out from over his shoulder, startled and confused. Steve felt the warmth of the alpha's body retreat like his own was fire. He choked on a sob; he'd scared him away.

"No," he mumbled, and his voice sounded so fucking *raw* and told the truth. He was met with silence, so he turned himself back into the pillow and let his body shake. There was no longer a dip in the mattress from another body. Billy was done using him and probably thought he was pathetic. He was.

"Drink."

Steve peered out from the pillow hesitantly to find one of the bedside

cabinets open and Billy standing there, holding a packaged water towards him.

Billy shoved it out harder like an insistent little kid who couldn't form words, face contorted in confusion and discomfort.

Steve reached out slowly and took the water. He rolled onto his back, flinching as he did so. He sipped on the water and remembered how dry his mouth felt. His small gulps turned into chugs until the bottle was half-empty in seconds.

"I guess they're coming to get us now," he started while wiping his mouth, stiff and quiet. He looked at Billy from the side.

"The other alphas say they're usually left in for a set amount of time... It's nighttime right now. So overnight, maybe."

Steve felt his stomach twist. Was it happiness and relief, or deep-seated despair over spending a night with Billy? *Set time*. That meant... maybe they'd do what they just did multiple times for good measure. It made sense, he supposed. To enter the room and try separating a pair with all the hormones lingering in the air might cause alphas like Billy to get ornery again.

"I bet that trench coat asshole is clocked out, all cozy in his bed on the outside," Billy huffed, sitting down on the foot of the bed.

"Yeah," Steve laughed weakly. "I fucking hate that guy."

"Well *Mr. Hargrove*, as the charts show, you clearly *blah blah blah*," Billy mocked with a dramatically scrunched-up face.

Steve chuckled again behind another sip, a bit more genuine this time but still nowhere near happy.

"I just wish I could get one response some time. Just one letter. A postcard."

"Letters? We can send stuff out?" Steve blinked and scooted up the headboard to sit higher. "What? Why didn't they tell me that? Do I have to check a mailbox or something?"

Billy looked at him, confused. "They bring any mail to your room. Twice a day... They told me that on day one?"

"Oh... Yeah, I was all mad and confused. Woke up in a totally different place, kept yelling over them when they tried to tell me stuff..." He tried to laugh again, the sound painfully fake. Billy didn't join him.

"Write them. Your parents. Give them a piece of your mind."

"Yeah, it's just... Yeah. You're right. I'll do that."

"No...?"

"I just don't know if... What if they don't know? Because they never told me they'd put me here. Dad made plans with me and everything. I can write them and tell them to come get me!"

"Wouldn't your letters just not get sent out if you 'weren't supposed to be here...?"

Steve blinked. Shit, was Billy smarter than him?

Billy was just a realist. He knew abandonment well already. It wasn't like Steve could understand.

"Do you think I'm crazy?"

Billy scratched his chin. "No... Just maybe you shouldn't get your hopes up. What do you think this place did? Just swipe you away? That's illegal as fuck. You have papers and everything that gotta be dealt with to come here. Passed through multiple people so stuff like that doesn't happen. It's always the parents who have to sign off."

Ouch.

Steve frowned and shrugged tightly, looking off to the side. There was no way he'd be convinced. His parents were pretty distant sometimes, sure, but they would never do something as heartless as get his hopes up for his own future, then trade him off to such a fate he clearly didn't want without even a warning, time for him to prepare, or a goodbye.

"Hey... uh."

"Yeah?"

"Sorry... Maybe? Whatever happened... I know this is hard for you. It's hard for me too."

Steve blinked at Billy confusedly. The words didn't register at first. When they did, unbridled anger hit him like a ton of bricks. He scoffed in hurt disbelief and shook his head.

"Don't you dare," he bit out. He felt Billy's eyes on him and the instinctual urge to flinch away from the challenge he was spouting, but he forced himself on. "You have no fucking-"

"Hey-"

"No, fuck you! You don't have to churn out the goods for them like a human oven, puke and waddle around for nine fucking months. Oh no, you get to go around and just have a great time knocking up all different kinds of omegas, don't you?"

"Steve, I was just-" Billy's voice was getting harder, irritated, but Steve was set off. He just felt so broken and ashamed and wanted to blame it all on Billy.

He didn't actually ever want Billy. He was just in heat because of his stupid animal body.

"I bet it feels great, doesn't it? You're just living the dream. Every good alpha gets raised up to come to a place like this, huh? Well I wasn't raised for this *like you*. I don't know why I ended up here, my parent's would never sell me, so-"

Billy lunged and Steve just knew he'd made a terrible mistake. It was incredible how quickly the alpha could be angered. He was on top of him just like before, bearing his sharp canines and crinkling his nose in a snarl. Steve flinched and scrunched his eyes shut, bracing himself for a punch.

"Aren't you so special? Mommy and Daddy just loved you so much? *Then how come you're here*, Harrington? If they would never sell their precious, male omega son. Oh no, never, not Steve, not even if they'd make more money off their priceless cumdumpster than they could ever spend."

Steve wished he got punched instead.

"Stop," he whispered, feeling tears well in his eyes when he pictured his father's disappointed reaction when he first presented, or his mother never pecking his cheek when she hugged him ever again, how she never called him 'Stevie' or ruffled his hair afterward. A sense of abandonment and realization washed over him.

"Are you really gonna cry *again*? You really are *such an omega*."

"Shut up!" Steve shouted. He wiped his face with his forearm furiously.

"You know, I was trying to be nice before. Fuck you. You don't know anything about me." Billy shoved himself off Steve and stormed away.

Steve stayed on the bed, curled up under the covers. He refused to cry after what Billy said to him, even if holding it in made his chest feel like exploding. The alpha moved over to the couch after kicking one the short table's legs and flinging magazines everywhere like a child throwing a tantrum. He sat hunched over with his hands tangled in his blonde curls. A few minutes rolled by where Steve just wished their handlers would separate them already. Billy made him feel too much.

Steve started to feel pain down below again. Not the kind in his cock or just the tenderness from being fucked, but the nagging feeling of emptiness demanding to be filled. It make him crack a little, a single tear falling. *Why?* Wasn't one time enough? Couldn't his body realize he already had the alpha's seed in him and he didn't want any fucking more?

The bed didn't feel comfortable anymore. The blanket didn't feel warm and protective; it felt like it was smothering him. He tossed and turned, threw the thing off of him and quickly pulled it back on to trap his smell. Nothing felt right. He felt so vulnerable. The pillows-- The pillows were so stiff.

He didn't have a solid and warm body against him. He didn't have anything anymore. He wasn't even sure if he could say he had two parents that cared about him anymore.

At first he didn't understand it when guilt welled up in his chest. But he wasn't made out of stone and he wasn't as stupid as he felt. Steve knew this wasn't Billy's fault either.

He rose up into a sitting position and started to shed the covers. Taking a deep breath, he swallowed his pride, and looked over. "Hey... Bil--"

Steve practically jumped out of his skin. Billy was already crawling back onto the bed, looking away like a scolded dog, but he brought some items with him: two of the throw pillows from the couch. His shirt was also off and set on top of them. He scooted them up the mattress towards Steve.

"I rubbed my smell on 'em," the dejected alpha mumbled, still glaring away at the uninviting hospital-like tiles. "I thought you'd maybe want to make a nest. You've been squirming a lot."

"Oh."

"No? You don't have to use the shirt, I just thought--"

"I don't really... It's kind of like a pillow fort, right?" *Please don't think I'm stupid.*

"Not really... It makes you more secure, apparently. You stay in it and keep adding to it so it's all nice and inviting for when... y'know."

"We aren't staying in here that long though." Steve said tightly. Billy nodded slowly and started to push himself up.

"Yeah, it was a dumb idea."

"No no, if it will make me comfier... Why not? But-" Steve felt warmth spread in his gut as Billy looked at him expectantly, "could you help me make it look good? I don't really..."

"I don't either."

"Just make a shitty nest with me, Billy."

And shitty it was. They weren't given much to work with. The comforter was ripped off and piled in a plush lump and the pillows went around it. Steve laid on top of it and covered himself with the sheet. The lighter fabric made him feel nice and enclosed, but wasn't too thick for his burning body. At some point he buried his face into Billy's shirt which he placed at the center. The nest was shitty, but perfect because it was *theirs*, and anything they made together was perfect somehow. The pheromones in the air took on something new and cozy.

This felt like a moment of calm. Even though the fiery ache was back in his gut, this made him oddly relaxed. Surely it was only the calm that came before an even bigger storm.

"I'm sorry I got mad for no reason... You really were just trying to be nice... This can be hard for you too. I know you don't like this either. Like, they *hurt you* and muzzle you. I don't know why I said all that. I'm sorry."

Billy was simply sitting back on his heels on the stripped mattress, posture rigid like a statue.

"I'm sorry I said all that stuff. And beat you up."

"You already apologized for that."

"And?" Billy huffed. "...You scare me."

Steve glanced out of the sheet at him, perplexed by his honesty. *Scared* him? How? Billy could be an asshole, he pondered, but he also

made clumsy attempts at being nice. He never had forced himself on him. He never *had* to finger him open. He offered him water as aftercare, and here he was offering solutions to making him feel as secure as possible. Steve realized something unanticipated: through going through this ordeal with Billy, he'd come to trust him. He appreciated the company and contact and the efforts Billy was making.

"It's whatever. I'm not mad. At you, anyway."

Billy shifted and nodded, frown deepening. Maybe Billy needed to feel secure too?

"D'you want under here?" Steve laughed softly.

"You'll be too close. Smell too much... I'll..."

"...That's fine."

To say Billy earned it wasn't quite right, but Steve wanted to reward it to him regardless.

Billy let out a tense short sound. Was that a whine? It was almost cute. Steve held his tongue, because if Billy didn't like being called 'pretty' he definitely wouldn't like 'cute.' The alpha pushed off his heels and peeled up a section of sheet. He flopped down onto his side and pulled it back over. Steve heard him breathe in deeply through his nose and exhale it with a heavy huff. He wriggled back against him insistently and shivered as a hand slapped onto his hip.

God, what was he doing? He just flagged himself so naturally. His toes curled as Billy pressed towards him, cock prodding once again at his tender entrance. *Woah, okay*, he was rock hard and ready to go. Explained the needy sound. Steve braced himself.

"Sore?"

"In." *Enough talking.*

Billy obliged automatically. Steve bit down on his lip as he felt the spread once again. It ached like a bitch, but the raw friction sent heat throughout his body. He was unsure if he was still producing copious

amounts of slick or it was just lingering cum keeping him so wet.

"H-Hey, I asked if we could face each other, right?"

Billy's hand left his hip and his cock drew out of him. Steve's teeth nearly broke the skin of his lip to stifle a desperate sound. He knew he asked for it, but God, he just got him back *in* for a second, fuck! Billy felt the same, biting out, "Yeah. Hurry."

Steve flipped onto his back. Billy pushed himself up on his arms and crawled over, pushing a knee between the omega's legs and the omega spread them. He stared at Billy's toned body as it lowered closer, until he couldn't see anymore because it was pressed flush against his. Billy's arm pressed awkwardly between them as he guided himself back to his hole. Steve raised his hips, rubbing his cock between them and forcing Billy's tip back in. The alpha cursed and bucked the rest of the way, arm drawing away and resting beside them for leverage. His other wrapped around Steve's waist. Steve's legs snapped around him.

Their eyes focused on each other, their mouths hung open as they gasped for air. They moved like a rolling tide lapping at the shore: drawing back slow, so powerful it pulled the earth with it, then surging back. Facing each other, their consciousnesses collided. They could feel what the other felt, their bodies not the only things slotted together. Their minds connected like a volatile cloud of electricity ready to snap and rumble.

Maybe facing each other was a mistake. For a moment, Steve didn't see the thin jutting wires. They blurred out like a focusing camera, the lens zeroing in only on Billy's wide eyes and his parted mouth. Steve tried to kiss him, and felt the cold rejection of the cage that kept them apart.

Billy pressed back, gnashed his teeth, and whined when he couldn't get any closer and the wire just dug into Steve's nose. Steve watched his fangs. Snap open, snap shut. Open, shut, nothing to clamp down on. *Help me*. The fangs were what went deep enough to leave the permanent marks on an omega's skin.

Steve reached up and grabbed the back of Billy's head. Grabbed at

the strap of the muzzle.

It had some locking mechanism that wasn't budging. Of course their captors would keep something that simple in mind. Steve picked and picked at it until he felt like his nails might tear off. Harder, harder, more and more desperate. He let out an angry sound.

Billy's bent resting arm touched one of Steve's wrists, forcing him back to his wits. Billy looked just as distraught. He wasn't all there either, but he wanted Steve to enjoy himself. His eyes pleaded. Steve gulped and smiled shakily. His hands dropped to Billy's shoulders and felt them flex with each thrust. His toes curled.

"Am I good? You didn't just say that before?"

"You're perfect. You make me *feel so much*." *Scares me. That's why I get mad.*

"Really...?" *Prove it.* "If I could get this off, what would you do?"

Billy snapped his hips. *I can't...* "Bite you." Steve's cock twitched and leaked. He threw his head back and gasped.

"Where?"

"Where would you want it?"

Steve touched the back of Billy's neck to pull him in. He nuzzled up against Billy's scent gland and felt the alpha jerk. "*Here*," his omega voice cooed with certainty. His warm smell filled his lungs like a drug.

Billy groaned and fucked into him with abandon.

Steve bit Billy. Billy let him. It was the alpha's bite that was binding, but this still meant something. Steve's smell would still linger for a while with the bite mark. The harder his teeth dug in, the harder Billy fucked him, so Steve wasn't about to lighten up. He moaned against Billy until he broke the skin. The iron taste of blood finally made him pull away.

"I'm sorry."

"Don't be." Billy sounded wrecked. "I'd do it to you."

Claim him. Billy wanted to claim him. Steve's eyes rolled back. Tears stung the corners. His legs squeezed Billy.

This couldn't just be his heat. He wanted- needed this to be real. He couldn't do this with any other alpha. He couldn't feel like he wanted them the way he wanted Billy. Billy made him feel like he wasn't so abandoned after all. He *was* wanted. He had to get his bite so any other alpha would know there was only one alpha he wanted *this* badly, and other omegas know which the alpha truly yearned for. All would know they went together like thunder and lightning. Then he could live like this.

He went back to the muzzle straps. They didn't budge, and he broke into hysterics. The storm came. It was more than a storm; it was a hurricane.

Pain. Pain? *Why pain?* He was being filled!

"Steve?" Billy touched his arms, pinning them down and entangling their fingers together, giving his hands a squeeze.

"*Fuck me,*" he gasped desperately. If Billy stopped fucking him he felt like he might die.

7. Chapter 7

Billy knotted him again after that. The urge to kiss each other was even more insufferable as they lay there locked together. Steve whimpered and pecked across Billy's forehead instead, trying to calm the alpha's frustration. Billy stroked his sides lovingly with his fingertips before squeezing his waist in his strong arms.

This was when Steve felt the most at peace: when Billy's knot strained against his tender ring, plugging up the molten sticky fluid inside of him. With each twitch of the alpha's cock, Steve felt some of it seep into his belly, making his womb just as warm. He clenched around him just to milk in more of it.

He nearly fell asleep like that. He felt a little tired and dizzy. However, when Billy's knot fully subsided and his cock slumped out from his hole, Steve's eyes shot open and he was fully awake. He pushed on Billy's chest. Billy complied easily and knelt back, but studied him confusedly. He'd wanted to cuddle.

"M-More," Steve pleaded. Was that really his own voice? It sounded so weak and gravelly. Billy tilted his head, eyeing him with concern at first, but slowly grinning and chuckling.

"Well ride it, baby, I need a lil' break."

That gave Steve so much strength out of nowhere. *Baby*. He called him baby! Oh, how he loved that. He sat up, leaving a cum puddle underneath him on the sheets, and eased Billy down onto his back in their nest. He lapped at his dick, cleaning up the alpha's cum and his own slick, until it grew hard again. Then he crawled on top of Billy and sunk onto his cock. Billy helped by holding his ass and spreading him open.

Steve stared down at Billy as he bounced on his cock. He looked so handsome, his eyes closed and his head tilted back, his mouth softly open behind its wire cage. Steve jerked himself off until he clenched around Billy and spurted all the way up the alpha's broad chest.

Billy's eyes opened to watch him come undone.

His efforts to ride Billy after that grew sloppy as his exhaustion returned, so the alpha rolled them back over into missionary to finish himself off as Steve babbled. He greedily rocked into him for his own pleasure.

"*Mmm*, you ready for this litter, baby?" Billy growled between the wet slaps filling the room.

"Y-yes I ne-*ed* it." Steve dug his ankles into Billy's back.

"It's coming."

Hargrove/Harrington coupling - Log 6 - 19 September 1984

The omega is exhibiting signs of heat sickness.

Probable cause: a delayed reaction to the heat inducers, resulting in a hormone overdose. Remove Steve immediately for fluids.

Billy almost knotted him a third time but Steve gasped out for him to get going, he needed the friction to continue. Confused but eager to oblige, Billy kept fucking shallowly through his cum. Steve kept babbling and Billy couldn't do much to get him to look at him, to get some sort of confirmation he was okay. The only thing that seemed to work was pausing, upon which those big brown eyes would fly open and look at him, and Steve would squirm and buck his hips urgently.

"My dick hurts," Billy said through his teeth. He felt too raw to build up the will to cum again. His base was completely swollen but free to the open air.

They'd been going at this for so long and nothing seemed to appease the omega anymore.

"Steve? *Steve?*"

Billy pushed himself up on his arms and stared at Steve with wide eyes. Was he not conscious? He was just... staring unfocused at the ceiling, his noises warbled and muted now. Billy touched his forehead, tapped him on the cheek. "Look at me, goddammit."

He ripped away, which got a weak sound of protest-- guess he was still conscious on some level- and grabbed another water bottle. He grabbed Steve's chin and poured slowly into his parted mouth. He watched Steve's Adam's apple bob, confirming that he was swallowing.

"Steve," he repeated in desperation. The omega grunted weakly and focused up at him. Billy felt some relief but not much.

"Billy, I feel bad..."

"What do I need to do?"

Billy didn't understand. He'd *been* doing what an alpha needed to do. Steve should be winding down from his heat, but he just seemed to be winding down from... being all there, and the heat smell just got worse. It felt like they were in a steam sauna, except the steam was pheromones. It was also taking on an off note instead of a sweet one, like fermenting fruit.

Steve touched his muzzle. Billy hissed in frustration, touching his wrist and pinning his hand down, another thing he must've done numerous times. "I *can't* bite you," He felt like he'd murmured this in Steve's ear at least 20 times already. "That isn't what you need."

The omega choked on a sob. It broke Billy's heart a bit.

He felt angry and hopeless that he couldn't give Steve what he wanted. Needed?

"Come on, Steve," he pleaded. He moved him around in the nest a bit, propping pillows behind him so he was propped up, lounging slightly. He flopped his shirt on the omega's face. He made him finish the water bottle, but after a few gulps Steve dropped it, spilled some on himself, and Billy had to hold it for him.

He set the empty plastic aside and curled around Steve, spooning him.

He was in the middle of fingering an unresponsive Steve, dragging out gobs of cum each time he drew back, when the doors snapped open.

He rumbled lowly in warning as a hoard of masked betas flooded into the room.

Billy swore that he wouldn't let them take Steve away. They mistreated Steve. Only he could make Steve feel better. When Steve woke up, he needed Billy to be there.

"Billy, Steve needs to be taken to the infirmary. You've done all you can do," Brenner said from the rear of the group.

The alpha snarled and squeezed Steve tighter.

"If you don't let him go, Billy, he could die."

Billy just didn't understand. Brenner had to be lying. It was Brenner's fault Steve was there! Billy could see the evil in the man's eyes. He continued to rumble from deep in his chest. It was his job to protect Steve, not the job of these useless betas.

Unfazed, the doctor raised his hand as a signal, and two cattle prods flickered and buzzed alive on their tips.

Brenner smiled reassuringly at Billy. "You did well, Billy. Your job is done, and you will be rewarded."